

for all his help and cooperation, and his staff—all of whom were working on it. I take this opportunity to thank the people who worked directly with the bill, worked directly in the Senate.

There are a lot of people who work in this institution.

We are coming up on the second month anniversary of the aerial attack on the United States of America. I thank all the people here at the Capitol who continue to show up every day and every way to support us so we can keep democracy's doors open.

First, I thank our young pages. They are high school students. They could have gone back home and been prom queens and football heroes, but instead they chose to serve their country by being right here in this Chamber. We thank them for their support for us and the confidence their families showed in us.

All of the people who run the food service, who run the elevators, and who are trying to clean up the Hart Building need to be acknowledged. By supporting us, they really support democracy. As we pass this bill that honors America's veterans and protects our homeland security, I thank all the people from the pages to the elevator operators, to the carpenters, and so on, who just show up every day and help us keep democracy's door open and functioning.

I bring you the VA-HUD bill and say God bless the U.S. Senate and God bless America. Let's vote and pass this bill.

Mr. BOND. Mr. President, I ask for the yeas and nays.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Is there a sufficient second?

There is a sufficient second.

The question is on agreeing to the conference report.

The clerk will call the roll.

The senior assistant bill clerk called the roll.

Mr. REID. I announce that the Senator from California (Mrs. BOXER), the Senator from Georgia (Mr. CLELAND), the Senator from Vermont (Mr. LEAHY), and the Senator from Georgia (Mr. MILLER) are necessarily absent.

I further announce that, if present and voting, the Senator from Vermont (Mr. LEAHY) would vote "aye."

Mr. NICKLES. I announce that the Senator from Wyoming (Mr. ENZI) and the Senator from Ohio (Mr. VOINOVICH) are necessarily absent.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Are there any other Senators in the Chamber desiring to vote?

The yeas and nays resulted—yeas 87, nays 7, as follows:

[Rollcall Vote No. 334 Leg.]

YEAS—87

Akaka	Biden	Bunning
Allard	Bingaman	Burns
Allen	Bond	Byrd
Baucus	Breaux	Campbell
Bennett	Brownback	Cantwell

Carnahan	Hagel	Nelson (NE)
Carper	Harkin	Nickles
Chafee	Hatch	Reed
Clinton	Hollings	Reid
Cochran	Hutchinson	Roberts
Collins	Hutchison	Rockefeller
Conrad	Inhofe	Santorum
Corzine	Inouye	Sarbanes
Craig	Jeffords	Schumer
Crapo	Johnson	Sessions
Daschle	Kennedy	Shelby
Dayton	Kerry	Smith (NH)
DeWine	Kohl	Smith (OR)
Dodd	Landrieu	Snowe
Domenici	Levin	Specter
Dorgan	Lieberman	Stabenow
Durbin	Lincoln	Stevens
Edwards	Lott	Thomas
Feinstein	Lugar	Thompson
Fitzgerald	McConnell	Thurmond
Frist	Mikulski	Torricelli
Graham	Murkowski	Warner
Grassley	Murray	Wellstone
Gregg	Nelson (FL)	Wyden

NAYS—7

Bayh	Gramm	McCain
Ensign	Helms	
Feingold	Kyl	

NOT VOTING—6

Boxer	Enzi	Miller
Cleland	Leahy	Voinovich

The conference report was agreed to. Mr. BOND. Mr. President, I move to reconsider the vote.

Mr. REID. I move to lay that motion on the table.

The motion to lay on the table was agreed to.

Mr. REID. Mr. President, I suggest the absence of a quorum.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The clerk will call the roll.

The assistant legislative clerk proceeded to call the roll.

Mr. REID. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that the order for the quorum call be rescinded.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Without objection, it is so ordered.

MORNING BUSINESS

Mr. REID. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that the Senate now proceed to a period of morning business with Senators permitted to speak therein for a period of up to 10 minutes each.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Without objection, it is so ordered.

TRIBUTE TO MIKE MANSFIELD

Mr. KENNEDY. Madam President, all of us who knew and loved our former great Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield were saddened by his death last month. He was truly one of the all-time giants of the Senate, and he went on to serve with high distinction for many years as our Nation's Ambassador to Japan. His wisdom, his intelligence, his insights, his friendship, his fundamental fairness, and his extraordinary humility combined to make him a leader of uncommon vision and ability during his long and brilliant and historic service to the Senate, to the people of Montana, and to the entire country.

On October 10, at a beautiful service for Senator Mansfield at Fort Myer Memorial Chapel, his former Senate assistant, Charles Ferris, delivered an eloquent eulogy that touched us all and reminded us again of the many reasons why we loved and admired Mike Mansfield so deeply. I know that the eulogy will be of interest to all of us, and I ask unanimous consent that the eulogy be printed in the RECORD.

There being no objection, the eulogy was ordered to be printed in the RECORD, as follows:

EULOGY DELIVERED AT THE FUNERAL OF MIKE MANSFIELD

(By Charles D. Ferris, October 10, 2001)

Thank you one and all for being here. A quiet giant is gone. And in the spirit in which he lived, Mike Mansfield would be embarrassed by inconveniencing so many but privately very grateful to each of you. And a special thanks to Father Monan, the Chancellor of Boston College. Mike received an honorary degree decades ago from Boston College and was the first recipient of their Thomas P. O'Neill Distinguished Citizen Award in 1996. He had a soft spot for Boston—he referred to Boston as the Butte of the East—an expression of great affection—for Butte had a hold on his heart. It was where he met Maureen.

And during 67 years of marriage, Maureen was to him what Abigail was to John Adams—a loving partner in a marriage of equals based on respect for each other's judgment and intelligence, with equal participation in all decisions, professional as well as personal.

How does one talk about the life of such a great man who was so reluctant to talk about himself? Any of the hundreds of experiences he shared with me and with so many of you would be a story worth telling. But most of the stories must be for another time, for the Irish wake we will conduct for him in our memories and hearts will never end.

He left the world as he lived in it, with the least possible fuss and absolutely no nonsense. His hospitalization was blessedly short, his mental capacity and condition unimpaired until the last three days when he gracefully slipped deeper into the last sleep. He gave his daughter Anne and granddaughter Caroline and others of us who loved him time to prepare ourselves and say goodbye. Till the end, he conducted himself with character and class, a sense of dignity and a lifelong sensitivity to others.

My sadness today is overwhelmed by the surge of gratitude for the things we shared that will be a part of me and my family forever. Thirty-eight years ago, he plucked me from the Justice Department where I was a happy and content trial lawyer. I don't know to this day how I got the job. I had never met him before that day. He was anxious about the Civil Rights legislation coming over from the House—the Senate Judiciary Committee for decades being a graveyard for civil rights bills. As he talked, I wondered how I could ever connect my specialty in Admiralty law with the challenge he was describing. Thankfully, I didn't try. I just told him that I didn't know exactly how I could be helpful but, if he wanted me, I would do my best. After we spoke for about 25 minutes—which I would soon learn for him was a filibuster—he asked me to start the following Monday. Mike Mansfield was a "yep, nope, don't know, can't say" type of guy. My winning argument must have been admitting

I didn't know. Over the years, I learned how clearly he detected and how strongly he reacted to any and all variations of the snow job. For whatever reason, his decision changed my life as he changed the lives of all who shared time with him. I look back and wonder if he hadn't taken that leap of faith, I would today be a GS18 step 32 at the Justice Department.

But, by my good fortune and his hasty judgment, I was graced with the opportunity to observe him—and learn from him, as I never could from any book, the meaning of decency, integrity, humility, of perspective, patience, and honor. Mike Mansfield exhibited all these rare qualities in full measure—and with it all, he was also the wisest man I have ever met.

His mother died when he was 7 and he had a rocky childhood until he finally joined the Navy at age 14, committing probably the only deceptive act in his life—presenting a document that declared he was 18. After the Navy, it was the Army and, after the Army, it was the Marines (he obviously got all his indecision out early in life). The Marines sent him to the Philippines and China. Thus began his lifetime interest and study of East Asia. But he had no formal education so he returned to work in the copper mines in Butte. Then, at the urging of his new found love Maureen, he enrolled at the Montana School of Mines as a special student, concurrently taking courses to earn his high school diploma; transferring a year later to the University of Montana, where he won his BA and high school diploma simultaneously in 1933. A Masters Degree followed, then a teaching position at the University, which was his calling until elected to Congress in the Fall of '42, then the Senate in the Fall of '52, Majority Whip in 1957 and Majority Leader in 1961.

Mike Mansfield was a distinctly different Leader than his predecessor. He never twisted an arm but he touched the conscience of his colleagues. He won them over by his openness, his character and his reason. He transformed a Senate of power brokers into a Senate of equals. His was a leadership rooted in clarity of motive, honesty of purpose and respect of his fellow Senators.

And he led it to shape an America of greater equality. He was a shaping force of the New Frontier and the Great Society. He was at the helm of the Senate at the height of fundamental achievement—the Nuclear Test Ban Treaty, the Civil Rights Act of 1964, the Voting Rights Act of 1965, the passage of Medicare, federal aid to education, the 18-year-old vote—all deeply controversial at the time, many requiring the then-dreaded two-thirds cloture vote. All this and more was written in American life and law—and, in each instance, he made sure a different Senator received the lion's share of the accolades. Mike Mansfield always gave the credit to others; his satisfaction came from within; his approbation from Maureen. Yet, each time, Mike Mansfield's leadership was the hinge of history: he was the man without whom the achievements might well have been different—in all likelihood, at least greatly lessened. He was the strong gentle wind that set the climate of the Senate. He was the essential chemistry of that Body. I say that as one who observed the entire process closely from the wings.

During the months of daily backroom negotiations on the Voting Rights Act in 1965, a disgruntled Chief of Staff for a Midwestern Democrat complained about holding the daily meetings in Everett Dirksen's office, with the press conference right outside every

day at 4 p.m. Everett Dirksen was given center stage by the Boss, who was content to simply stand there and second Dirksen's loquacious progress report. The Chief of Staff pleaded to have at least half the meetings in the Majority Leader's office and hold the press conferences there so the office nameplate of the Majority Leader would stamp the photos and TV coverage of the day. I thought this a perfectly reasonable request and brought it to the Boss, whose response was "Charlie, last year the Republican Party drifted far from the mainstream during the Presidential election. If the public can see the Republican Leader each day reporting on the progress of what will hopefully be the most significant civil rights legislation ever, it will be very beneficial for the country to grasp that this bill was being drafted by both parties, even in an overwhelmingly Democratic Congress." And so it was; and for me, another lesson in perspective, in wisdom.

Mike Mansfield's fairness was never questioned on either side of the aisle. I recall a freshman Senator with an important amendment—important to him politically and to his state almost exclusively—that he had already announced he would offer to a pending bill. But with some swift parliamentary gymnastics, the managers raced the bill to final passage. The freshman Senator had been left high and dry and certain to be embarrassed back home. Mike was not on the Senate Floor for the parliamentary sleight of hand but, once summoned, he exhibited with few words and mostly by a stern look his sense of outrage at the unfairness of what had happened. He rescinded by unanimous consent the passage of the bill and the freshman Senator had his day. I don't remember the outcome, but it didn't matter; the opportunity was the victory. That freshman Senator, incidentally, was a Republican—he is still a Member of the Senate and he is here today.

He was our Ambassador to Japan during both the Carter and the Reagan Administrations, a post where he became in another great country what he was in our own—the most respected of leaders. Again he remained himself and redefined diplomacy. Early in his years as Ambassador, the American nuclear submarine George Washington violated the law of the seas. It surfaced and sank a Japanese vessel in Japanese waters, tragically causing loss of life, a most embarrassing and politically explosive incident. In a world where debate over words like regret, sorrow, excuse or apology can take weeks and months to be decided, at his own instigation and insistence, Ambassador Mansfield delivered a note of apology to the Japanese Foreign Minister. He asked, however, most uncharacteristically, that the TV cameras be permitted to remain in the room while he submitted the written apology. Again in character, actions over words, he bowed deeply below the waistline in presenting the official government position. As he knew, this symbol in the Japanese culture has great significance. The sincerity and depth of the apology was visually conveyed. That five seconds was played and replayed on Japan's TV stations many times over—obviously seen by everyone in Japan with a television. The political issue ceased to exist. Again, few words—great action—achieved goal. I don't doubt that his 12 years in Tokyo were characterized with other telling examples.

In the last decade of his life, after he returned from Tokyo, I was blessed with the good fortune of becoming Mike Mansfield's good friend. We shared wonderful moments

together and our almost daily visits were a ritual we both became addicted to. When the end came on Friday morning, I was filled with sadness for an irreplaceable loss, but full of gratitude for the friendship and love and the lessons on how to live.

At the hospital three days before he died, he was resting comfortably, his eyes closed. He had been informed the day before that he was on his final lap. I went to his bedside, and took his hand and quietly asked how he was doing. He opened his eyes, strained to focus, and said, "Oh, Charlie, how are you? A moment later, "What day is it?" Monday, I said. A short pause, and then, "How did our little giant do yesterday?" Knowing, of course, he was talking about Doug Flutie, I said he won. They're now 3-0. He smiled and said, "If they go 4-0, he should own the team."

It was as if this were a normal day, another visit, nothing unusual. In looking back, this final chat I believe was much more. He was not a man of idle gestures or wasted words. He knew the wheels were about to touch down. But like remaining in the background at joint press conferences, or bowing below the waist to the Foreign Minister or with a stern look repairing a parliamentary abuse, I believe he was conveying a message. That he was mentally comfortable and spiritually content; that he had no fear about what lay beyond the horizon. In effect, he remained a mentor to the very end—still more interested in giving comfort than seeking it—teaching again by example the final lesson of dying with serene dignity.

Now what we have left are indelible memories and his shining example. But how much more that is than most people, not just politicians, ever give. He left a deep imprint on the history he once taught and every person he ever met.

Mike has gone to Maureen. Together again with the love of his life. But he will always be with all of us who knew him—who were directed by his example, honored by his friendship—blessed by his life and appreciative of his love.

In the world where politics is so often so self-regarding and so many so self-absorbed, Boss, you set a different, higher standard. You tapped er light but left the deepest imprint.

There will never be another like you.
You will always be a part of my life.

VETERANS DAY

Mr. SPECTER. Madam President, Sunday is Veterans Day, a day dedicated to honoring the brave men and women who have served in the armed forces of this great Nation. Over 26 million men and women living today have answered their Nation's call to defend the ideals, values, and liberties we Americans hold dear.

This Sunday will mark the 63rd anniversary of the creation of the first official holiday honoring veterans who, like my father, Harry Specter, served in World War I. Unfortunately, it will also mark the 3-month anniversary of the horrific attacks of September 11, attacks which were directed at the same ideals, values, and liberties millions of Americans have fought so bravely to defend. As ranking member of the Committee on Veterans' Affairs, I wish to express my deepest gratitude